

Georgie"

by Frannie Grace

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Georgie"

> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: Nope, not mine

**Disclaimer: **Nope, not mine. No matter what I wish I don't get the fun that comes with owning any of them.

**Author's Notes: **This is my first attempt at John/George fic, and only my second attempt at slash. I am warning you that I took a couple of liberties. First, I'm reaching on John's sexuality. All I ask is that you go with it. Second, I'm not sure of the details of John's mom's death, so I'm putting him at 18 when it happened. If I'm wrong, let me know, and I'll rewrite. Please, bear with me and send me feedback. J

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Georgie

By Gayle F. Cox-Moffet

**

I don't know when it happened, narrowing it down was pretty simple, but the exact moment in time when I fell in love I haven't quite figured out yet.

Most people can pinpoint the exact time, tell you the atmosphere, the background music, certain people can even tell you that the burger or pasta was cooked just a little too much. Me, I'm lucky to remember the month when I think it happened.

All I know for sure is that I want to be with him. I want him to hold me, kiss me, even tell me he loves me, but there's one problem.

Rich.

The lucky SOB gets to share George's bed, and he treats him like shit. God, sometimes I just want to squeeze the jerk's neck until his inflated head pops. To bad George has feeling for him, or I'd do it. I'm pathetic. I'm too scared to tell the man I love him and even more frightened to tell him that Rich could use a good beating.

Someone said "Love is blind." They need to make a note that it makes people stupid too.

He's at the door of my office, watching me. "John, you okay?"

I realize I've been staring at him. "I'm fine. What's up, George?"

"You're not fine. You look exhausted."

"To many cases. I haven't slept much recently." I don't mention the fantasies I'd been having that kept me awake.

"You should sleep." His own face looked very tired.

"Looks like you should, too." I looked him over as he sat on the couch. He was on the brink of fatigue; it was clear on his face. "George, what's wrong?"

He leaned back, loosening his tie. It still made me smile to see him in a tie. Ties were not George. Sweaters with t-shirts underneath were George. White t-shirts that probably heated up then they touched his skin.

"Got anything to drink?"

I shook the thoughts of sweaters and t-shirts from my head. "Something to drink, or something to get drunk?"

He glanced at his watch. "Something to drink, it's only two, and I've got some stuff to do still."

I tossed him a soda from my mini-fridge and popped one open myself. Taking the chance at losing my control and jumping him, I sat at the opposite end of the couch. "George, what's wrong?"

He took a drink. "I'm supposed to see what's wrong with you. At least, that's why I came in."

"I'll tell you later." My promise sounded hopeful, and I wondered if he could hear the tension in my voice.

"It's Rich. Or, more so, it's Rich and me. Actually, it's the complete lack there of." He took another drink. "We've been battling each other for weeks. It's like locking horns with a mountain goat, neither of us wants to give, but we're expecting the other to back down."

I couldn't help it, I laughed. George looked at me confusedly, but I waved him off. Swallowing my soda, I tried to redeem myself. "Don't get the wrong idea, George. The fights aren't funny. It's the idea of you backing down."

George started to smile and allowed himself a smirk. It fell a moment later, and my mood went with it. "How bad is it?"

He loosened his tie more and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt. As he pulled the collar away, I noticed something, actually the lack of something.

"You're not wearing your chain." It was a gold chain Rich had gotten George for Valentine's Day. I hadn't seen him without it since. I noticed the red line around his neck.

I'm FBI for a good reason, and I know the burn of a necklace when I see it. "Who ripped it off?"

"I did. I yanked it off after a fight last night and threw it at him. He walked out, and he'll probably be cleared out by the time I get home."

God, I wanted to grab him and hold him until this whole thing was over. I restrained myself though, not very easily, mind you, but I held back.

I did allow my hand to rest on his shoulder. He shivered a little. My fingers were cold from the soda. "George, you need to get out of here. You're in hell right now and working isn't going to help."

"Speaking from experience?" It was phrased as an easy question, but George's eyes betrayed him. Damn, I was going to have to make good on my promise.

"I'll tell after I get a hotdog."

He nodded agreement, and we walked out of headquarters in search of food.

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After overloading our hotdogs with relish, ketchup, mustard, and onions, we found a park nearby and had no problem finding a semi-private bench to talk.

"So, why are you working twelve hours a day?" George's question was muffled by a mouthful of hotdog.

I debated as whether or not to change the subject, but as long as I didn't mention any names I knew I'd be okay. "Unreciprocated feelings."

"You've got a crush?"

"Yeah, a crush."

"Who?"

"Just someone at work."

"Someone I know?"

If only he knew how close he was. "Yeah."

"Someone I know well?"

"Yeah, pretty well."

"Girl?" Only George could ask so nonchalantly.

I was ready to say yes, to go along with it. "No."

Damn.

George barely flinched. Had to give the guy credit, it takes a lot to keep a straight face. "You're bi."

"No."

Damn again. Now I was going down the abyss.

The only change in George's features was a small twitch in his jaw. "John, I don't know how much you know about sexuality, but if a person likes both women and men, they're usually bisexual."

"That's just it, George; women don't interest me, at least not sexually."

Finally, a response I could gauge. George's mouth fell open, and he just stared for a minute. "Umâ€¦"

"Would you like an explanation?"

He nodded once and closed his mouth.

"I was fifteen the first time I found another guy good-looking. When I told my parents they said it was the "natural thought process" of being a teenager and told me I'd grow out of it. When I stopped liking the guy, I figured it was just some hormone thing. For a while, I dated around. All the best-looking girls in school wanted to date me. It worked pretty good, but I never let a relationship last.

A little part of me knew the whole thing was an act. Of course, my parents were thrilled that heir son wasn't a fag, so I played along."

George shifted on the park bench. "How long did it take for reality to set in?"

"For me or them?"

"Both."

"My father still doesn't acknowledge it. Lucky me, I don't want to see him anyway. Mom was okay with it, but she was dead pretty soon

after I told her.

I was eighteen when the feelings come back. My freshman year in college I fell for my psych professor. How's that for ironic? Confused as hell and the first man I ever have sex with is a guy who should be examining my head."

I saw the wicked grin start on George's face. "Don't say it." He kept smiling but said nothing.

"But you still date women." The smile gave way to a confused look.

"I almost get outed my rookie year on the force, but I managed to stop the rumors-barely. Gay cops ten years ago were treated a hell lot worse than today, not that today is a party waiting to happen."

I half-smiled. "I haven't even attempted a sexual relationship with a woman in eight years. I just gave up. No use fighting who I am."

"You're gay." God, the guy was amazing. His voice was completely even, no sound of surprise, nothing. I could almost pretend he was talking about the weather.

"Yeah, I'm gay."

"How long has it been since you told someone?"

I thought a minute. "A year-and-a-half ago when I told Bailey, or more so, he found out."

"How'd he find out?"

"He stopped by my apartment to get some files, and I was kind of preoccupied."

George laughed. "He caught you?"

"Naked as the day I was born kissing another man. He took it well."

Another laugh. "That's pretty good." He smiled a minute in thought. "Bailey's not your crush, is he?"

"Nah, Bailey's completely heterosexual-unfortunately."

"No kidding. That's a waste of a good man."

We laughed together. "So, who is it?" George's voice sounded slightly frightened.

I looked over at him, all humor was out of his face, and he was very serious. "It's not important." I tried to wave him off, but he touched my hand, and I froze. His hand was warm, and it trembled slightly as he moved it to stroke my fingers.

"Yes, it is." His voice was low, and he watched me apprehensively.

"I can't tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because he's involved with someone else." I looked him in the eyes, letting him know he was my obsession.

"No, he's not. It's over. It's been over for a long time. He just hasn't seen it until recently." He looked up from our touching hands. "Of course, the news today has put a new spin on things."

I couldn't help it. I had promised to restrain myself, but that teasing smile on his face and his hand on mine made reacting so easy.

Leaning towards him, I took it slow, in case he wanted to back away, but George leaned in too, and we kissed. He tasted like hotdog, mustard, ketchup, and onion, and it was soft. His tongue touched my lips, and I opened quickly. God, it felt so right.

George's free hand slipped into my hair. The touch made me feel like an electric bulb clicking on. A current of adrenaline ran through me, and I loved it. Loved the feel of his lips, his tongue, his teeth, and I loved the feel of his stubble against my hand. I hadn't kissed another man like this since the night Bailey had found out, but this was different, it was better.

We broke away, breathing heavily. George smoothed my hair and kissed my cheek. "Nice way to spend lunch."

I just nodded, still trying to catch my breath. Something vibrated against my hip, and I sighed. "Damn." Reaching down, I snapped my beeper off my waistband. Closing my eyes a minute, I looked up at George. "We've got a case."

I let him pull me up and hold me a minute. "What?"

He kissed me softly. "Nothing; I just can't believe this."

I kissed him back. "It's happening, I promise."

We parted, but I kept ahold of his hand. As we neared headquarters, George slipped his hand away. I looked at him quizzically. "What's wrong?"

"Bailey's the only one who knows you're gay, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Do you really want to give everyone a heart attack when we walk in holding hands?"

I saw his point. "Okay, but can I at least hold your shoulder?"

He smiled. "Yeah."

We walked in, my hand on his shoulder, and both of us grinning like idiots.

End
file.